

Ham. Why?
Clo. 'Twill not be scene in him, there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clo. Very strangely they say.

Ham. How strangely?

Clo. Faith e'ne with loosing his wits.

Ham. Vpon what ground?

Clo. Why heere in Denmarke: I haue bin fixeteene heere, man and Boy thirty yeares.

Ham. How long will a man lie 'tch' earth ere he rot?

Clo. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die (as we haue many pocky Coarſes now adaies, that will scarce hold the laying in) he will last you ſome eight yeares, or nine yeares. A Tanner will laſt you nine yeares.

Ham. Why he, more then another?

Clo. Why ſir, his hide is ſo tan'd with his Trade, that he will keepe out water a great while. And your water, is a ſore Decayer of your horſon dead body. Heres a Scull now this Scull has lain in the earth three & twenty yeares.

Ham. Whose was it?

Clo. A whoreson mad Fellowes it was;

Whose doe you thinke it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clo. A poffence on him for a mad Rogue, a pou'd a Flaggon of Reniſh on my head once. This ſame Scull Sir, this ſame Scull ſir, was Yoricks Scull, the Kings Ieſter.

Ham. This?

Clo. E'ne that.

Ham. Let mee ſee. Alas poore Yorick, I knew him *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite ſetty of moſt excellent fancy, he hath borne me on his backe a thouſand times: And how abhorred my Imagination is, my gorge riſes at it. Heere hung theſe lipps, that I haue kiſt I know not how oft. Where be your liſes now? Your Gambals? Your Songs? Your ſlaſhes of Merriment that were wont to ſet the Table on a Ror? No one now to mock your own Ieering? Quite chopaine? Now get you to my Ladies Chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thicke, to this fauour ſhe muſt come. Make her laugh at that: prythee *Horatio* tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou thinke *Alexander* lookt o'this faſhion 'tch' earth?

Hor. E'ne ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? Puh.

Hor. E'ne ſo, my Lord.

Ham. To what baſe vſes we may returne *Horatio*. Why may not Imagination trace the Noble duſt of *Alexander*, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole.

Hor. 'Twere to conſider: ſo curiouſly to conſider ſo.

Ham. No faith, not a jot. But to follow him thether with modeſtie enough, & likelihood to lead it; as thus. *Alexander* died: *Alexander* was buried: *Alexander* returneth into duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make Lome, and why of that Lome (where he was conuer- ted), might they not ſtopp a Beere-barrell? Imperiall *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay, Might ſtopp a hole to keepe the winde away. Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe, Should patch a Wall, to expell the winters ſlaw. But ſoft, but ſoft, aſide, heere comes the King.

Enter King, *Queene*, *Laertes*, and a Coffin,
with Lords attendant.

The *Queene*, the Courtiers. Who is that they follow,

And with ſuch maimed rites? This doth betoken,
The Coarſe they follow, did with diſperate hand,
Fore do it owne life; 'twas ſome Eſtate.
Couch we a while, and mark.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a very Noble youth: Marke.

Laer. What Cerimony elſe?

Prieſt. Her Obſequies haue bin as farre enlarg'd,
As we haue warrantis, her death was doubtfull,
And but that great Command, o're-ſwaies the order,
She ſhould in ground vnſanctified haue lodg'd,
Till the laſt Trumpet. For charitable praier,
Shardes, Plints, and Peebles, ſhould be thro' wne on her:
Yet heere ſhe is allowed her Virgin Rites,
Her Maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of Bell and Buriall.

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

Prieſt. No more be done:

We ſhould prophane the ſeruiſe of the dead,
To ſing ſage *Requiem*, and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted Soules.

Laer. Lay her 'tch' earth,

And from her faire and vnpolluted fleſh,
May Violets ſpring. I tell thee (churliſh Prieſt)
A Miniſtring Angell ſhall my Siſter be,
When thou lieſt howling?

Ham. What, the faire *Ophelia*?

Queene. Sweete, to the ſweet farewell.

I hop'd thou ſhould'ſt haue bin my *Hamlets* wife:
I thought thy Bride-bed to haue deckt (ſweet Maid)
And not 't haue ſtrew'd thy Graue.

Laer. Oh terrible woer,

Fall ten times trebble, on that curſed head
Whoſe wicked deed, thy moſt Ingenious ſence
Depriu'd thee of. Hold off the earth a while,
Till I haue caught her once more in mine armes:

Now pile your duſt, vpon the quicke, and dead,
Till of this flat a Mountaine you haue made,
To o'retop old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blew *Olympus*.

Ham. What is he, whoſe griefes
Beares ſuch an Emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of Sorrow
Coniure the wandring Starres, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane.

Laer. The deuill take thy ſoule,

Ham. Thou praiſ't not well,

I prythee take thy fingers from my throat;
Sir though I am not Spleenatiue, and raſh,
Yet haue I ſomething in me dangerous,
Which let thy wiſenſſe feare. Away thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Que. *Hamlet*, *Hamlet*.

Gen. Good my Lord be quiet.

Ham. Why I will fight with him vpon this Theme,
Vntill my eiels will no longer wag.

Que. Oh my Sonne, what Theme?

Ham. I lou'd *Ophelia*; ſortie thouſand Brothers
Could not (with all there quantitie of Loue)
Make vp my ſumme. What wilt thou do for her?

King. Oh he is mad *Laertes*,

Que. For loue of God forbear him.

Ham. Come ſhow me what thou'lt doe.

Woo't weepe? Woo't fight? Woo't reare thy ſelfe?
Woo't drinke vp *Eſile*, eate a Crocodile?

Ile doo't. Doſt thou come heere to whine;
To outface me with leaping in her Graue?
Be buried quicke with her, and ſo will I.
And if thou prate of Mountaines; let them throw
Millions of Aker's on vs; till our ground
Sindging his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart. Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
Ile rant as well as thou.

King. This is meere Madneſſe:

And thus a while the fit will worke on him:
Anon as patient as the female Doue,
When that her golden Cuplet are diſclos'd;
His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Heare you Sir:

What is the reaſon that you vſe me thus?
I lovd' you euer; but it is no matter:

Let *Hercules* himſelfe doe what he may,
The Cat will Mew, and Dogge will haue his day. Exit.

King. I pray you good *Horatio* wait vpon him,
Strengthen you patience in our laſt nights ſpeech,
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh:
Good *Gertrude* ſet ſome watch ouer your Sonne,
This Graue ſhall haue a liuing Monument:
An houre of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be. Exeunt.

Enter *Hamlet* and *Horatio*.

Ham. So much for this Sir; now let me ſee the other,
You doe remember all the Circumſtance.

Hor. Remember it my Lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kinde of fighting,
That would not let me ſleepe; me thought I lay
Woſe then the mutines in the Bilboes, raſhly,
(And praiſe be raſhneſſe for it) let vs know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerues vs well,
When our deare plots do paule, and that ſhould teach vs,
There's a Diuinity that ſhapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is moſt certaine.

Ham. Vp from my Cabin

My ſea-gowne ſcarft about me in the darke,
Grop'd I to finde out them; had my deſire,
Finger'd their Packet, and in ſine, withdrew
To mine owne roome againe, making ſo bold,
(My feares forgetting manners) to vnſcale
Their grand Commiſſion, where I found *Horatio*,
Ohroyall knaue: An exact command,
Larded with many ſeueral ſorts of reaſon;
Importing Denmarks health, and Englands too,
With hoo, ſuch Bugges and Goblins in my life;
That on the ſuperuize no leaſure bated,
No not to ſtay the grinding of the Axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.

Hor. Iſt poſſible?

Ham. Here's the Commiſſion, read it at more leysure:
But wilt thou heare me how I did proceed?

Hor. I beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with Villaines,
Ere I could make a Prologue to my braines,
They had begun the Play. I ſate me downe,
Deu'd a new Commiſſion, wrote it faire,
I once did hold it as our Statists doe,
A baſeneſſe to write faire, and laboured much
How to forget that learning: but Sir now,
It did me Yeomans ſeruiſe: wilt thou know
The effects of what I wrote?

Hor. I, good my Lord.

Ham. An earnest Com-
As England was his fair
As loue betweene them
As Peace ſhould ſtill be
And ſtand a Comma 't
And many ſuch like Al
That on the view and k
Without debatement f
He ſhould the bearers p
Not ſhriving time allo
Hor. How was this?

Ham. Why, euen in
I had my fathers Signet
Which was the Modell
Folded the Writ vp in
Subſcrib'd it, gau'th'
The changeling neuer
Was our Sea Fight, and
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So *Guildenſtern*
Ham. Why man, they
They are not neere my
Doth by their owne in
'Tis dangerous, when th
Betweene the paſſe, and
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a K
Ham. Does it not, t
He that hath kill'd my K
Poet in betweene th' ele
Throwne out his Angl
And with ſuch coozena
To quit him with this a
To let this Canker of o
In further euill.

Hor. It muſt be ſhort
What is the iſſue of the
Ham. It will be ſho
The interim's mine, and
Then to ſay one: but I
That to *Laertes* I forgo
For by the image of my
The Portraiture of his
But ſure the brauery of
Into a Towing paſſion
Hor. Peace, who com

Enter
Oſr. Your Lordſhip
Ham. I humbly thank
Hor. No my good L
Ham. Thy ſtate is th
know him: he hath mu
be Lord of Beaſts, and
Meſſes 'tis a Chowgh; b
feſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet Lord, if
I ſhould impart a thing
Ham. I will receiue
your Bonet to his right
Oſr. I thanke your
Ham. No, beleeue
Northerly.

Oſr. It is indiſſerent
Ham. Mee thinkes i
Complexion.